

COMING TO THE THEATERS

Empire Theater Stock Company.

That unusual interest attaches to the engagement of Charles Frohman's Empire Theater company at the National next week was attested this morning by more than the ordinary demand for seats. The Empire company, long distinguished for its general excellence, brings to Washington for the first time Henry V. Esmond's new play, "The Wilderness," which ran practically all of last season in New York to large and brilliant audiences. Charles Richman and Margaret Anglin head the organization this season, and their splendid abilities will be seen to greater advantage than ever before. The title of the play refers to the wilderness of sham, insincerity, and artificiality, which characterize some of the people in high social life in England, and doubtless in this country. The name of the play is thus purely figurative. The piece is beautifully staged, especially as to the gowns worn by the company. Besides Mr. Richman and Miss Anglin the company includes the following well-known actors and actresses: William Courtleigh, W. H. Crompton, E. Y. Backus, Lawrence D'Orsay, George Osbourne, Jr., Frank Brownlee, Ethel Hornick, Kate Thomas Whiffen, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Kate Pattison-Selton, Grace Gallagher, Amy Meera, Kitty Barriscale, and Master Donald Gallagher.

Martin Harvey in "The Only Way."

Martin Harvey, the eminent young English actor, and his entire London company and production in the Rev. Mr. Freeman Wills' dramatization of Dickens' masterpiece, "A Tale of Two Cities," known as "The Only Way," will be presented by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, managers of his American tour, next Monday at the Columbia Theater.

In this stirring play, Mr. Harvey attained international celebrity on the conclusion of his opening night almost four years ago at the Lyceum Theater, London. During the three years of its run in England, it was accorded the same reception by public and critics that attended its long stay at the Herald Square Theater, New York, striking for the unanimity of its praise.

His personal magnetism, his deep sympathy, delicacy of touch, and utter simplicity of manner give the characterization a most artistic finish. His rendition

of the drunken scene in the early portion of the drama is a striking bit of expression through repression, which reveals the true nature of Carton without striking a false note. He is, indeed, a husky voiced, besotted profligate, but deep down in his heart are the instincts of a gentleman and a hero which eventually triumph in a final act of self-sacrifice for his friend and his love on the guillotine.

Included in Mr. Harvey's company are some of the best known players on the English stage, among them being Miss N. de Silva, Miss Amy Coleridge, Mrs. B. M. De Silva, Miss Mery Fuller, and William Haviland, Percy Anstey, Fuller, Mollish, Fred Wright, sr., and A. B. Ineson.

Vaudeville at Chase's.

Good cheer will radiate from every attraction composing the Chase polite vaudeville program next week as it has been prepared with special regard to the joyous spirit of the Christmas season. Then above all other times people want to laugh and to forget that they have their terrestrial troubles. And as the mission of polite vaudeville is to make the world laugh, at this time it is at its best and in its gayest mood. Listed in the one bill and forming an array that would be a managerial extravaganza at any other season are Mr. and Mrs. Clay Clement, Thomas J. Ryan and Miss Mary Richmond, the Pantzer trio, Mamie Remington and her quartet of Picaninies, Tom Brown and Edythe Navarre, the Brothers Martine, and the vitagraph motion pictures "A Trip Across the Atlantic." Mr. and Mrs. Clay Clement have been distinguished figures in the legitimate drama. In vaudeville Mr. Clement and his charming wife will be seen in the petit chef d'oeuvre "The Baron's Love Story." A competent little company affords adequate support.

Thomas J. Ryan and Miss Mary Richmond will present Will M. Cressy's funniest dialogue sketch "Mag Haggerty's Father," which is the most humorous vehicle that they have been fortunate enough to secure. The Pantzer trio are remarkable foreign acrobats with a specialty out of the ordinary. "A Gymnast's Parlor Amusement," containing some wonderful acrobatic indoor feats. Mamie Remington and her quartet will have a very enlightening offering full of fun and frolic. The Brothers Martine

appear in their specialty "The Rebounding Table" and are still beyond imitation. Tom Brown and Edythe Navarre, as "The Minstrel and the Chinese Maiden" will add a whirl of nonsense. The across-ocean motion pictures will show the unusual scenes aboard the Kronprinz Wilhelm making the long voyage from Bremen to New York. The advance sale of reserved seats presages a big week before Christmas at Chase's.

Miss Shannon in "Beyond Pardon."

"Beyond Pardon," which appears here at the Lafayette Square Opera House next week, is evidently a play much above the average melodrama, for in speaking of the same the "Boston Globe" of December 2 says:

"Boston theatergoers were afforded the opportunity to see Theodore Kramers' latest play, 'Beyond Pardon,' last evening, when it was given its first production in this city at Music Hall. Judging from the applause the drama evidently met with the immediate approval of Bostonians. The play tells a very interesting story, the scenes of which are laid in New York, when the battleship Maine is at the Brooklyn navy yard, waiting to be placed in commission. Yet, while the battleship herself does not take any part in the play, it is represented by the various characters in the drama.

"The drama is excellently staged, while the company is exact in every detail. Miss Lavinia Shannon was cast in the leading role, her impersonation of which was excellent in every way. Elements of the deepest emotions, followed by excited expectations and disappointments, were brought out in a manner that characterized Miss Shannon's work from beginning to end as being that of a finished artist."

"A Montana Outlaw."

A new melodrama will be presented at the Academy of Music one week (usual matinee), beginning Monday, December 15, in the form of "A Montana Outlaw," a play dealing with life in the West. Herbert Hall Winslow and Fred S. Gibbs are the authors. While the play abounds in stirring action, it is said to differ materially from the overdrawn plays of similar theme. Its story deals with the efforts of unscrupulous men to acquire the fine ranching property of Wesley Le Grand. The ranchman is made to appear the murderer of one

Jude Stacy, and is forced to flee for his life. "Jack the Buster," a typical cowboy, succeeds in saving Le Grand and, at the same time wins the love of the ranchman's daughter Irene. Warner & Altman, who are putting out this new play, have made every effort to present an elaborate scenic production. A train-drawn broncho and a stage coach, which has seen actual service during the strenuous times of the West, are introduced. The company numbers among its members several players who are well known in this city. A carload of stage settings, from the scenic studio of Charles F. Thompson, is carried. Several specialties are introduced during the action of the play.

"Daisy Parer" Burlesques at Empire.

The Empire Theater will next week offer Barnes' Daisy Parer Burlesques, an organization which ranks among the best this season. It was seen here about two months ago at the Empire, made so good an impression, and attracted such large audiences that Manager Schlesinger saw fit to book it a second time. It will be seen here next week with many new features. Chief among these is the Watermelon Trust, an act including five people, and one of the strongest of its kind on the vaudeville stage. Other new acts are Shattuck and Bernard, Morley and Cameron, and Mlle. Karina, the sensational chaussonette. On next Wednesday night at the Empire Young Grant and Frank Snyder will battle to a finish for the featherweight championship of the District.

"The Brigadiers" at Kerner's.

"The Brigadiers" will present a program of vaudeville and burlesque at the Lyceum Theater next week, and a glance at the list of artists gathered around Manager Crimble will clearly demonstrate that as usual the "Brigadiers" will serve as a medium to display the abilities of some of the best people upon the vaudeville stage. Chief among the many excellent features will be John A. West, "the musical brownie"; Palmer and Harvey, singers and comedians; Hayes and Wynne, the dancing couple; Willis and Barron, comedy sketch; Martell family, America's premiere acrobatic bicyclists, and Adeline Roatina, soprano singer.

The performance will conclude with an original extravaganza by Fitzgerald Murphy in one act, entitled, "A Night in Paris."

"GHOSTS" PRESENTS A MARVELOUS ACTRESS

Mary Shaw Proves a Sensation in Ibsen's Play.

Hendrik Ibsen's gloomy, morose play of "Ghosts" was presented at the Columbia Theater yesterday afternoon by one of the most capable and evenly balanced companies which has ever appeared in Washington. It was viewed by rather a small audience manifestly composed of persons devoted to Ibsen, and those persons who, coming to applaud sentiment, remained to applaud the marvelous skill with which those sentiments were expressed. The production was in consequence a dramatic rather than a moralistic triumph, and the credit rests rather with Miss Mary Shaw and the George Fawcett Company than with Ibsen.

The play is widely known as a study in heredity. Although never before presented here, it has long been familiar as a work designed to expound the inevitability of hereditary consequences to lives of immorality and dissipation. A youth, whose father died when the boy reached the age of seven, manifests to his mother step by step the gradations of appetite and lust which ruined the father's life and finally dies insane, a consequence of his inheritance of a body "worm-eaten" from birth. Ibsen has thus drawn shadows only. Dolor, tears, woe, misery, grief, and despair abound. Even the necessary half-lights are obtained through comedy scenes built upon a yoke of effort to establish his supposed daughter as a center of attraction in a sailor's retreat. One of the characters describes the situation accurately when he says "It rains incessantly. The sun never shines."

All this may not be unproductive. It is possible someone who has read the play, or who saw it yesterday, may find it deterrent in its influence. As it was offered at a special matinee, as the audience of yesterday was evidently already familiar with such subjects, it probably did no harm. But it is indubitable that such plays can do very little good. Science long ago opposed itself to this theory of indiscriminate and invariable inheritance. Environment is now regarded as at least as great a factor in shaping character. The analysis of gutter-rif, moreover, benefits humanity only when undertaken by the chemist and the physician. Finally it is indisputable that such teaching as Ibsen undertakes can best be done in special classes conforming to special mental conditions and not to a varied and polyglot audience

assembled either for entertainment or the delineation of ideals.

But the chief interest of yesterday's performance lay in the presentation of the work, not in the work itself. In a part entirely without stirring speeches, flowing phrases, melodramatic emphasis, or special manifestations of womanly sweetness, Miss Shaw created an illusion so complete, a conviction so deep in the minds of her hearers as to rank her acting one of the dramatic sensations of the season. Every note in the gamut of emotion was struck. Every phase of the lachrymal depression of which the play consists was given fine and sympathetic expression. The interpretation was, in short, consistently artistic, and the future appearances of this notable actress in Washington must hereafter prove a dramatic event of much importance. A great part of this praise must be extended to the other members of the company: Frederick Lewis, Charles Gray, Maurice Wilkinson, and Virginia Kline. All were splendidly fitted into their several roles. But Mr. Lewis deserves a distinction above his associates almost as great as that accorded the star. He acted with remarkable force.

Perhaps, such performances as this presentation of "Ghosts" may from this point of view be good for the American stage. In this instance at least they have introduced their patrons to a group of actors capable beyond all their earlier reputation.

A. D. A.

Washington Saengerbund Concert.

The first public concert of the Washington Saengerbund on Sunday evening, the 14th inst., at the National Theater, will have the following participants: Forty prominent members of the Washington Symphony Orchestra, a chorus of seventy-five voices, and as soloists Miss Louise B. Voigt, dramatic soprano; Johannes Miersch, violin virtuoso, and John Humbird Duffey, baritone, all under the leadership of the director of the society, Henry Xander, who has arranged a most interesting program for the occasion.

"CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

"Cricket on the Hearth," a drama in three acts, will be presented Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings of next week in the lecture room of All Souls' Church, Fourteenth and L Streets northwest, under the auspices of the Parish Union. The cast includes Edward C. Townsend, William H. Snyder, James A. Sample, Edward C. Hanks, Grace Ross, May Jamison, Mrs. Betty Florence Leach, Ethel M. Hendershott, and Ada Louise Townsend.

An Analogy.

Samson's strength depended upon his hair; and some men of our day seem to think that the strength of their intellect depends upon the strength of their cigars.

PEABODY RECITAL A DISTINCT NOVELTY

With a purpose to extend the educational influence of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore two "Peabody Recitals" have been planned for the current Washington season. The artists assigned to these entertainments are prominent members of the conservatory faculty who have achieved brilliant success in other concert tours and are artists of the first rank. This effort has excited the interest of many Washington musicians, and the first of the two recitals, given in the ballroom of the New Willard yesterday evening, evoked the attendance of about 250 persons discriminating in taste and critical in attitude. The artists were Miss Margaret Cummins, a soprano with a voice so clear, rich, mellow, and fresh that it aroused the most enthusiastic demonstrations, and Charles Rabold, a baritone who had already attained to an enviable position in local musical circles. The program was a distinct and pleasing novelty. It began with two duets—one from Mehul's "Joseph" and the other Perez's "Ecco l'aurora"—and closed with two delicate, poetical duets by Arthur Whiting. In between were about ten solos for each voice, performed in groups of three or four. It will be seen that the offerings were novel, varied, exacting, and of a general high grade. To these requirements the two artists proved entirely equal. Miss Cummins sang with much grace and simplicity, and in such numbers as the recitative and aria from Bizet's "Les Pecheurs de Perles" with marked dramatic force. Mr. Rabold more than sustained the reputation he had already established, his voice having matured and developed, and grown more resonant. In all the recital was an unqualified success. This second and last offering of this series is announced for next Monday in the same hall, when the artist will be Miss Helen Hanson, a capable and well-trained pianist.

RECEPTION TO MINISTERS.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, of Shiloh Baptist Church, were host and hostess at the reception given in honor of the Baptist ministers of Washington, in the church Monday evening. About fifty local ministers were present. Only a few members of the city of the Shiloh church attended, among them Prof. and Mrs. Wilson, E. L. Kenney, president of the Lyceum, and Mr. and Mrs. Nickens.

On Nature's Plan.

Colds are quickly cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It acts on nature's plan, loosens the cough, relieves the lungs and opens the secretions, effecting a permanent cure. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. It is pleasant to take, both adults and children like it. Price 25c; large size 50c. For sale by Henry Evans, wholesale, and all druggists.

A SECRET OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A NOVEL OF MUTINY AND MYSTERY—By W. BERT FOSTER.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Howard Thorne, a Harvard student and adopted son of a wealthy Boston shipping merchant named Undercliff, learns that his own father is probably alive and residing on an unknown island in the South Pacific. The elder Thorne, who had been the intimate friend and confidential clerk of Mr. Undercliff, had left some twenty years before, under suspicion of having taken \$5,000 from the vault, where the package was subsequently found while the vault was being enlarged. Mr. Undercliff, trying to reach and clear his friend, learns that he took passage on the ship Juan Fernandez, which was never heard from. At the time the story opens, twenty years later, the firm receives \$5,000 from Mr. Thorne to reimburse them for the money lost through his possible negligence. Captain Latimer, of the Naida, one of the firm's vessels, who brings the draft, has met a shipwrecked sailor who claimed to have made a 1,200-mile voyage in a ship's long boat from an uncharted island with the man who sent the money. Howard Thorne determines to go with the Naida on her return trip and endeavor to find his father. Mr. Undercliff turns over to him the package of \$5,000, which he had kept undisturbed. Howard finds that it contains a bill of a later date than that of its first disappearance. He suspects a plot to ruin his father, and that Mr. Monckton, Mr. Undercliff's partner, who had been his father's unsuccessful rival in love, was at the bottom of it. Howard goes aboard the Naida and finds that Captain Latimer's daughter Sydney, a college-bred girl, has shipped as second mate. He knocks down a drunken sailor named Atwell, who is insolent to her, and, by a lucky chance, finds among the crew the very man, Jessop, who made the trip from the South Pacific Island with his father. Seeing the cook preparing an extra stateroom, he learns that there is to be another passenger, and fears that he will prove to be Carter Monckton, whom his father has taken from college to avoid his expulsion for drunkenness.

An Unwelcome Arrival.

THORNE paced the deck for a long time that night, his brain busy with plans for the search he was about to undertake.

At last, just as the city clocks tolled midnight, he was on the point of going below, when there was the rattle of carriage wheels on the street leading down to the dock. The vehicle stopped and Thorne heard several voices in hilarious converse.

He crossed to the shoreward rail. A group of men were staggering down the wharf. One of their number was being shaken by the hand and clapped on the shoulder affectionately by his tipsy companions.

"You're a good fellow; drefful sorry to ha-like—have you go," stammered one youth, and, more demonstrative than the others, he threw his arms about the departing individual's neck.

Thorne knew who it was. It was Carter Monckton. He turned away in disgust as the fellow came stumbling aboard.

"By ho, old fel," chorused the gang, and with a wild whoop they went back to the waiting carriage.

Thorne had reached the companion-way, and there hesitated. Suppose Captain Latimer should see the tool come aboard in that state? Or suppose Sydney should hear him. He had no love for Carter Monckton, but he did not want the New England prejudices of the captain and his daughter to be aroused against the son of their employer. And, like enough, Monckton wouldn't be able to find his stateroom without waking the whole ship's company. He stepped over to the intoxicated fellow and took him by the arm.

"This is a pretty state for you to come aboard in," he said sternly. "I'll get you into your cabin, but don't make a row. There's a lady aboard."

"You're a good fellow," responded Monckton, who was in a good natured

state of inebriation. "This is the Naida, ain't it?"

"Of course."

"Then I'm—hic—all right," he declared cheerfully, and allowed Thorne to lead him along.

His cabin was next to the one Thorne occupied. The door was unlocked, so the latter got him inside and plunged him into a chair without arousing the steward.

"Why, it's Thorne," exclaimed the intoxicated one, in surprise. "Didn't know 'twas you—'pon my word! You're a better—hic—better fellow than I thought. Have a drink!" and he pulled a flask from his pocket and offered it to him.

Thorne looked down upon him contemptuously.

"You're a pretty fellow," he said. "You'll be an addition to this ship's company, I don't doubt! Let me have that flask."

He seized the silver-mounted bottle and opening the dead light, threw it into the water.

"That's the best place for that," he said.

Monckton arose with drunken gravity. "You're—you're no zhenleman, sir!" he stammered, with dignity. "You've sulted me once—twice. Must have satisfaction!"

He lurched toward his companion, but Thorne stepped aside and went out, leaving Monckton sprawling at full length on the stateroom floor.

CHAPTER VI.

Coming to Blows.

Thorne persistently avoided his fellow-passenger from the first day at sea. The Naida was towed out into the stream early in the morning, and before noon she passed Sandy Hook, and, spreading all her sails like a huge winged sea bird was fairly started on her long voyage. The crew and officers were hard at work, and it was nearly night before the litter occasioned by getting under way was quite cleared up and the deck made tidy and shipshape once more.

Thorne saw little of Sydney that first day, but he made the acquaintance of the first and third officers—Mr. Sessions, a red-headed little man with a thin, piping voice, and Mr. Pepper, a big, bluff voiced, jolly fellow with a head like a ham.

Monckton kept to his cabin most of that day—probably sleeping off the effects of his last night's carousal ashore. When he did appear on deck toward dusk, Thorne turned his back and walked away. He was determined to have no conversation with him after the disgusting scene of the previous night. But the steward had placed their plates side by side at the table, and at supper Thorne was obliged to introduce Monckton to Miss Latimer and the mates, as the captain was on duty.

It was plain that Sydney was not ill pleased with the son of the junior partner of the firm that owned the Naida. Monckton exerted himself to entertain her, and Thorne saw, with a strange feeling of uneasiness, that he was making a favorable impression. He could not explain to himself why he should care. He had no personal interest in Miss Latimer. Indeed, he was hardly sure that he quite approved of her. Monckton was a gentlemanly appearing fellow, and he had "a way with him" that would attract most people. But Thorne could hardly take it upon himself to warn Sydney or her father

of the notoriously bad character of Carter Monckton. They must find it out for themselves. He did determine, however, to give the fellow as little opportunity to cultivate Miss Latimer's acquaintance alone as possible. But here circumstances—or fate—interfered.

The second day a little blow came, followed by a heavy swell. Thorne, who was ordinarily a good sailor, had to take to his berth. He lay flat on his back for four days, and lived a simple and blameless life on toast and beef tea. When he got upon deck again he found Monckton and Sydney Latimer as chummy as though they had known each other for years. Monckton hadn't been ill an hour, and had the cheek to come around and commiserate Thorne on his weak stomach.

"I presume if my stomach was preserved in alcohol I shouldn't have been affected by the motion of the brig, either," replied Thorne cuttingly.

Miss Latimer heard him, and he saw by the look on her face that she considered it to be a boorish remark. And the worst of it was, Monckton "took the trick" by appearing hurt and walking off without uttering a reply. Sydney moved away, too, but Thorne heard from her later through the captain.

"You're kinder rough on that Monckton," said he, good naturedly. "But he don't seem half a bad sort. I hear he got into kind wild comp'ny at college, and he's takin' this voyage to help him brace up. N-er kick a man when he's down, is my motto."

Thorne wondered what he would say if he had seen Monckton when he came aboard at New York. But he bit his lip and made no reply to the good captain's pacific remarks. But he had injured himself with Sydney by his thoughtless retort, and, argue with himself as he might, it troubled him, but he continued to avoid Monckton, and in so doing deprived himself of her society also. This was a trial, for, greatly as he disliked the idea of a girl holding the position she did on the Naida, her strong character had not failed to impress him. She made herself respected by all on board, and her calm judgment and knowledge of seamanship was the open wonder of the other mates.

"Most wonderful girl I ever see," declared Mr. Pepper, "and I was born on the Cape, where gals, as well as boys, can sail a boat 'fore they get out of pinafores."

And the little first mate agreed.

It was plain that Captain Latimer quite worshipped her, and trusted in her judgment in many things. But Thorne thought that among the men the satisfaction was not so general. They obeyed her well enough, but they evidently did not think it right in the captain to put a woman over them. Without a doubt Atwell fanned this flame of discontent.

As the days passed and the brig ran into warmer latitudes, the situation became still more strained. Thorne's face more than once expressed his disapproval when he saw Monckton and Sydney walking the deck together, or talking in the cabin during her watch below. Sydney resented it and showed her resentment by treating Thorne more coolly while not abating her friendliness with Monckton in the least.

Between the crew and the captain there was ill-feeling, too, and every day it became more and more apparent. As has before been hinted, Captain Joshua

Latimer was more than a little "close." The cabin table was very well, though plainly, supplied, and Thorne but seldom resorted to his private stores. But the food supplied the seamen was, of course, another matter. The quality was all right—that is, the "salt horse" was of good quality, and the cook made eatable bread; but the quantity was what the men grumbled about. Captain Latimer was so economical that he doled out the food very grudgingly to Tonio for the fo'castle mess.

This was a small matter, but in the mouth of a man like Atwell it became great. And, more than once, Thorne suspected that Atwell and some of his mates got liquor from some mysterious source. Captain Latimer was a strictly temperate man, and all the liquor supposed to be aboard the Naida was a little for medicinal purposes, looked up in the commander's cabin.

It was quite certain, too, that Monckton had none. In fact, the third mate, Mr. Pepper, told him that the agreement when old Monckton wrote for his son's passage was that no liquors were to be allowed aboard. Evidently the intention had been to make an effort to reform Carter, and Thorne was forced to admit that up to the present time the fellow had behaved himself very respectably. The only liquor he had managed to bring on board was that in the pocket flask which Thorne had unceremoniously thrown overboard the night of his arrival. And Monckton hadn't forgiven him that, either. Thorne thought possibly the fellow was too drunk to remember the occurrence, but one evening he was disabused of that idea.

The trouble started with a very innocent discussion between Sydney and Thorne at the supper table. The argument waxed warm, though in a spirit of perfect friendliness, until Monckton put in a word. Sydney tacitly admitted him into the discussion by replying; but Thorne very foolishly showed that he was nettled by the fellow's unceremonious interference and dropped the subject at once.

The cut was so direct that even Monckton's egotism was pierced. He flushed and passed several sharp comments, making Thorne the butt of the others' laughter by turning his former arguments into ridicule. Thorne bit his lip, but made no reply until Miss Latimer had gone on deck. Then, as Monckton still pursued his railway, he reached one long arm over the table and knocked his persecutor out of his chair.

The cabin was in a tumult in an instant. Monckton's bantering was changed to ungovernable rage. He sprang up with an imprecation, and both Mr. Sessions and Mr. Pepper got up also. Chairs were tipped over, and for an instant it looked as though Monckton would spring over the table at the throat of his antagonist.

Thorne alone remained in his chair, his eyes on Monckton's face, his own features as pale as death. Outwardly he was as calm as the tropical sea at that instant; inwardly he was full of a mad desire to seize the fellow and follow up that single blow with a sound thrashing. "You miserable brute!" cried Monckton, finding his breath.

His fingers crept behind him and sought his hip pocket. He was quite beside himself with rage.

WILL BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.

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